

FAIR



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WHEN THE YEAR IS N

Heart with arrow shrouded,
Flames with shadows crowded,
Skies with darkness clouded,
Hiding all the blue,
Stop their mad madness,
Emerging from their madness
To light and love and gladness,
When the year is new.

Of the past repenting,
Of their crimes relenting,
Eagerly consenting
Errors to undo;
Souls once bent on sinning
Nobler heights are winning
Grand reforms beginning
When the year is new.

Many wrongs are righted,
Many truths are plighted,
Loved ones reunited
In a bondage true;
Doubts that make us falter,
And with conscience palter,
Vanish from Love's altar
When the year is new.

While the world is turning,
While the lights are burning,
And our hearts are yearning
For the good and true,
We may make advances,
Spite of circumstances;
And our only chance is
When the year is new.

—Josephus Pollard in N. Y. Ledger.

THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

Impressions of an American Traveler.

The Gates Wide to Those Who Enter,
But Narrow to Those Who Would
Go Out—A Cheerless and In-
hospitable Land.

Less is known of Russia, both inside and outside the Empire, than of any other country yet discovered. But a great deal has been written about it and published in every language. In some countries the reading people think they know all about Russia, and have a very excited opinion of it, while in others the effect of reading has led the people to despise not only Russia as a country, but the inhabitants and all who have to do with governing it. Most that I read of Russia in America and learned in England was apocryphal. Even the maps misled me, and those who had visited the country could render little assistance in telling me where to begin and where to end my journey.

When, a few weeks ago in New York, I determined to visit Russia, called upon some acquaintances for information of the subject I was to engage, I was told that my trip was certainly one of great pleasure and interest; that the stories of despotism in Russia

decked with brass epaulets weighing pounds; a huge belt and a sword, which is hung to strike the ground at every step and rattle like musketry; pantaloons with a deep white stripe and tucked in Russian boots; spurs of enormous proportions, and a revolver of sufficient size to gun for buffalo. The passports and gendarme disappear in the direction of the office of the Russian Consul, where the documents are examined.

On the heels of this diplomatic officer come the customs lackeys, who, without ceremony or invitation, pick up the satchels, bags and bundles, exclaim in Russian: "Custom-house!" and put out. The traveler follows. He finds his trunks already on the counters inside the station, and if they are unlocked they are open and the contents are being dumped on the floor. The terror to the Russian Government is printed matter. Every newspaper, circular or book found is taken out and sent to the gendarme and the Consul. If any thing about free government, free schools, or other free institutions, criticism of Russia, or her form of government is found it is retained; and should it appear among the possibilities that the bearer has any design upon the Russian way of doing things he or she is detained for examination. It does not appear in history or tradition that persons "detained" have ever proven their missions clear. They simply have been heard of no more.

A Londoner who had a couple of trunks displayed his English blood by stepping behind the long counter when his baggage was pulled out of the wire cage, where it stays till opened, and beginning to unlock it. The officers snatched the keys from the traveler's hands and pushed him back in line with others. When the trunks were opened the Englishman paid for his forwardness by seeing his goods dumped out on the floor and every thing mused and left for him to care for. There was no complaint. To complain means to detain, for the Russian officers are as suspicious as they are officious. All stand in together, and they have such unlimited license that one is at their mercy.

I tried to anticipate the officers as much as possible, and having left my trunk in Paris, eagerly opened my satchels. The pockets of my garments were turned wrong side out, letters were squeezed, a traveling cap ditto, and socks, which were turned inside out, were pulled

error—and the seal of the officer. Two or three passengers did not receive their passports, because the documents were not vised, and they were obliged to remain and explain. As the train rolled on from the station toward Warsaw and St. Petersburg the proverb: "The roads of Russia are wide to those who enter, but narrow to those who would go out," lingered in my mind.

The American traveler is quite as much impressed with the quaintness of the country and the remarkable character of the people when he arrives at Cracow or Warsaw (the latter the old Capital of Poland), now subject to Russia, as he has with any other part of the country. The characteristics of the Poles, so far as the construction of a city goes, are as far at variance with the English or American as those of the Russians. Strange old buildings, covered with crazy characters and pictures, broad, roughly-bowlder streets filled with droskies, the prevalent vehicle, make one feel that any thing is possible in this country.

The face of Russia is like Wisconsin, less the lakes and beautiful streams; Northern Michigan, without the largest pine trees, and New Mexico, with the absence of warmth. The pineries are stunted, the fields covered with wheat—in harvest during August—and the villages are of small wooden buildings covered with straw. Nowhere is there architecture, taste or cleanliness displayed. The advancement of the country may be illustrated in the statement that, though Russia is one of the greatest in wheat producing, the cereal is sown broadcast, harvested with the sickle, thrashed with the flail, and three-fourths of the work is done by the women. The forests are infested with wolves and other wild animals; the fields, when not covered with wheat, are carpeted with Jean-Marie, with a yellow rattle and a plume of blue leaves at the top. Mushrooms and all the fungi of a cold climate are seen, and one's bewilderment increases as the slow train goes farther and further into the Empire. —St. Petersburg Cor. N. Y. Sun.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.

A Printing Office Converted into a Huge Electrical Battery.
Some very singular electrical phenomena were observed recently on Tuesday days at a printing office for two months, the whole establishment converted into a battery.

THE TOOTHSONE QUAIL.

There is No Reason Why a Man Should Not Eat It Regularly.

Eating matches and other gormandizing exhibitions are now the rage. To give the street a zest for scientific men, I called on Dr. Hammond, who has made him illustrious.

"There is no reason why a man should not eat twenty quail in twenty days, or one hundred quail in one hundred days. Unless a man has a preconceived notion that it will make him ill, there is nothing in the feat to prevent his eating the birds. This talk about the impossibility of eating a pigeon a day for thirty or fifty days is all imagination. Nothing but mental disturbances can affect the stomach and prevent its action in such a case. Any man can walk on a board laid down in his back yard but raise the board fifty feet high into space, and, no matter how solid it may be, one man out of ten can't walk it. Yet the muscles and physical powers are just as strong in mid-air as on the ground. What prevents a man walking the plank? Simply acting upon his imagination. It is when a man begins eating a quail a day for twenty days. He has heard that it is impossible, and the fear of failure excites his stomach and makes him sick.

"I'll agree," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "to eat one hundred quail in one hundred days for one thousand dollars a quail, and I'll win the money."

"Think how absurd these stories are! Say's eat salt pork, a pound a day, for one thousand days; and what is worse than sailors' pork?"

But it is said that game is more difficult to eat as a steady diet than pork or bacon. This is another fallacy. I remember, years ago, in Fremont's camp, that I ate a prairie chicken every day for months. I was attached to an engineer corps in the army as medic-officer, and went with the first army from Fort Riley, in Kansas, to rider's Pass in the Rocky Mountains, a distance of some one thousand two hundred miles. We were eighty or ninety days in making the journey.

PARIS PAVEMENTS.

An Army of Men and Women Employed in Cleaning Them.

Wooden pavements are slowly taking the place of every other kind in Paris. On the 1st of January, 1884, this system had just been introduced and was being experimented with on a surface of 707,400 square feet; by the end of the year 2,832,056 square feet of streets was paved in this way. Great as this rate of progress seems it is not half fast enough, for there still remains 92,370,000 square feet of streets paved with stone or macadam. With all their advantages of noiselessness and cleanliness wooden pavements have the drawback of being very expensive, not only to put down, but also to keep in repair. It costs 92 1-5 cents the square meter, while stone pavements do not ever cost more than 15 1-5 the square meter. The streets are shaded by 98,860 trees, the sidewalks are supplied with 8,334 benches where the tired may rest their weary limbs, and to keep the thoroughfares reasonably clean the city expends 21,891,000 francs annually.

A large portion of this sum goes to pay the 3,000 men and women who are employed to sweep the streets and gutters with birch brooms. The brigade of street sweepers come from the provinces, but Italy furnishes a strong contingent to the force. There are two classes of these balayeurs and balayuses—the auxiliaries and the regulars. The former are paid from 6 to 8 cents an hour, and are expected to do ten hours' work a day, which is divided up as follows: From 4 to 11 a. m. and from 1 to 4 p. m.; but it often happens, in bad weather, that supplemental hours of work have to be performed, while on the other hand, in fair weather, the days are cut down to half time. The auxiliaries are recruited according to the need of the service, and many of them are men and women who have other trades in which, for the time being, they are unable to find employment. Of late the city has made it a rule to offer five or six days' work as auxiliary balayeurs to the inmates of the night refuges, and in this way a number of declassés—university graduates, professional men, ex-government employes, etc.—find their way into the street-cleaning brigade. Few of these, however, remain in it permanently. The regulars, who are known as *contourniers*, are appointed for five years, and receive an annual salary of 105 francs.

THE DANISH HORN.

A Remarkable Relic Said to Be a Genuine Trumpet of Zion.

In the royal museum of Copenhagen there is, and has been for more than two hundred and seventy-five years, a golden trumpet, known throughout Denmark as the "Danish Horn," with engraved emblems, comprising the symbol of purity, the triple lily. Its weight is one hundred and two ounces and it measures two feet nine inches in length. This horn is said to be a genuine trumpet of Zion. The surrounding circumstances strongly sustain the position, and up to the present time there has not been the slightest scientific doubt as to the genuineness of the relic. The lily, as a symbol of purity, was generally employed in the right hand by the vestal virgins of the temple; it also forms the emblem of the "shekel," the Jewish coin. There are also discernible the much effaced remains of what has the appearance of pomegranates, and traces of an inscription which, as far as it can be made out, is engraved in that kind of Hebrew characters known as the Samaritan text. The emblems and inscription may be easily accounted for and accepted for the meaning of the word "Jehovah."

The trumpet was discovered by a farmer's daughter, partly concealed in the ground, in 1630, in the diocese of Rypen, Jutland. As to how it found its way from Palestine to Denmark can only be conjectured at. It is accepted as a fact that the relic at one time was one of the instruments anciently used in Solomon's temple. Certain ornaments, and especially the beautiful engraving near the opening of the large end of the instrument, forming a turreted border around its edge, are the most convincing proofs for this position. When Titus Vespasianus, the youthful Roman General, subjugated Judaea and destroyed its temple, he took the renowned tables, the seven-branch candlestick, the "Sacred Books" and the trumpets to Rome, where they were, with other trophies of victory, carried in procession through the city in honor of the conqueror. Upon the arch of Titus these things were sculptured and may be seen in Rome in a fair state of preservation to-day. The "Sacred Books" the victor presented to Josephus Flavius, the Jewish historian. Afterward, when Titus became emperor of Rome, the instruments and "tables of shew bread," by decree of the Senate and council of Rome, were placed in the great temple

PITH AND POINT.

—He that is unkind to his own will not be kind to others.

—Advice to a blind man: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

—Nothing is more beautiful than a serene, virtuous, happy old age. Such an old age belongs to every individual's life if he only knows how to build it.

—We are not going to tell who the lady was who left a certain church because the upholstering of the pews did not match her complexion. —*Burlington Free Press.*

—The latest craze among the girls is a hair album made up of strands from the heads of their gentlemen friends. This is another thrust at the bald-headed man. —*Washington Critic.*

—Nothing is more expensive than penuriousness, nothing more anxious than carelessness, and every duty which is bidden to wait, return with seven fresh duties at its back.

—It is said that a small hand indicates refinement, and yet we have seen small hands, and held them, too, b' thunder, that brought out language any thing but refined. —*Drake's Magazine.*

A Great Tital, Indeed.
Of all the aggravations
That rob life of its joys,
The worst are those vile hotel pests,
The insolent hall boys.

—Judge no one by his relations, whenever criticism you pass upon his companions. Relations, like fests, thrust upon us; companions, clothes, are more or less our own selection.

—Instructor (sternly)—"Mr. Freshly, this is the third time that you have handed in only three pages of written matter, while the rest of the class hand in five." Freshly, "91—"Yes, sir; but (struck with a bright idea) I use ever so much thicker paper." —*Harvard Lampoon.*

—"Well, dear," said a Washington husband, "shall we go to the theater this evening?" "What sort of a play is it?" "Comedy." "How many acts?" "About five, I think." "No, I don't think I'll go. Five drinks are more than you'd better take in one evening." —*Washington Critic.*

—Every married woman gets so accustomed to being accused of mislaying any article that her husband can not immediately put his hand on that she wants. —*Idiot.*